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• REMARKS

Deep snow this week have blocked all roads, and most willing hands in communities have been exhausted. They have been working steadily for many hours, and they're still at it although it got dark some time ago.
(CROWD IN BACKGROUND - ROAR OF TRUCKS & TRACTORS)

JIM: (OFF -- CALLING) Hey, Red! -- Don't let you men let those trucks get lined up. You won't have room to turn 'em around.

VOICE: (OFF) All right, boss -- Hold it up, Gramps-bell. Next 'till the next guy pulls out.

JIM: (OFF) That's better, Red. (PAUSE) Hello, Harry, how'd you get on? Thought you were in the back track.

BOSS: (FADING IN) Suppose's none, Jim. The cook's got everything waiting.

JIM: That sounds good to me, Boss. (CHUCKLES) I'd like you like being second cook on a road crew?

BOSS: (LAUGHING) I never cooked so many potatoes in my life all my life. My, but these boys do eat.

JIM: They work the same way. He'll be through with that and be able to go home before tomorrow morn.

BOSS: You've got to get some sleep, Jim. You haven't had no rest since we've been here.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) I'll make up for lost time when we get home.

BOSS: (FADING IN) Is supper ready, Mr. Robinson?

BESS: Yes, Jerry. Are you hungry?

JERRY: Hungry? -- Gee, I'm starved.

JIM: Say, Jerry, don't forget to send someone over to George Grover's place to find out about his sheep.

JERRY: I've already told a couple of the boys, Jim. They're going over the first thing in the morning.

BESS: What's the matter with George's sheep, Jim?

JIM: I s'pect they're very likely snowbound up in Dog Leg Canyon where he had 'em on winter range. If he can't get 'em out he'll have to take feed in to 'em before they starve.

BESS: Oh, I hope they're all right. Where is Dog Leg Canyon, Jim?

JIM: It's about two miles up in the hills back of Grover's place. They call it Dog Leg Canyon because it's got a creek in it like a dog's hind leg.

BESS: I see.

JIM: I reckon we'd better tell the boys to knock off, Jerry. Sam says that supper's ready now.

JERRY: I'll go tell 'em, Jim. (FADING--SHOUTING) Hey, Red. Time to knock off for now.

VOICE. (OFF) Okay, Jerry! (SHOUTING) Hold it up, gang. Supper. Get everything over on the side of the road in clearest.

BESS: There's a car stopped out there by the trucks, Jim.

JIM: Huh? -- Oh, yes. I see. Looks like George Grover's car.

BESS: It is George. He's coming this way.

JIM: Uh huh. Spot he's in trouble all right. We'll probably have to have help hauling feed.

BOSS: I've got to go back to the back check. Jim. Ask George if he won't have supper with us. I'm sure he'll be hungry.

JIM: All right, Boss.

BOSS: (FADING) And don't be late.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Not this time I won't, Boss. Hi George. How'd you get feed up?

GEORGE: (FADING IN) Howdy, Jim. I came over to see you about your sheep of mine.

JIM: How'd you get 'em trapped in, George?

GEORGE: Yep. I heard over the radio that you Rangers were going to open the road to help rescue the panthers. I gotta get feed up to them sheep of mine, Jim. There's no chance to get 'em out the canyon.

JIM: Are they in bad shape, George?

GEORGE: Yes sir. My handler just come in and said that some of 'em died last night and more died this mornin'.

JIM: I'm sorry to hear that, George. But the boys are full of 'em dog-tired from workin' day and night. We'll send some of 'em up with the trucks tonight if you think that'll help.

GEORGE: You can't get into the canyon now, Jim. The pass is dried up full of snow.

JIM: But you can't get into any log anywhere except through the pass.

GEORGE: I know it -- I was just thinking, maybe you could work on some of the boys to put through a road with these logs somewhere or round. That's all the sense I got, Jim. If I lose Jim I don't know what'll be.

JIM: Wait a minute, George. The boys are coming' to see you now. I'll call for volunteers, and we'll send a crew up to the canyon tonight.

(GROWD VOICES UP GRADUALLY TO FOREGROUND)

GEORGE: Jim, if you'd do that for me, I think most of us would be saved. Do you think the boys'll work on it?

JIM: They haven't got much sleep, George. They've been working since last night but I reckon a few of 'em'll be able to make it.

GEORGE: If I can get some food up there to call 'em through, it won't be long before they could be down out of the canyon.

JIM: And that in pretty good condition?

GEORGE: They were better'n they're now, Jim. They have been down here since I was 'priced' on to the national Forest Range. But seems like we been down' here more'n any other place stand.

(GROWD VOICES TO FOREGROUND)

GEORGE: Durn their lines, Jim. Every one of 'em said they'd go, didn't they?

JIM: That's what it sounded like, George. Why don't you stop and have supper with us? Bess told me to be sure and ask you.

GEORGE: I don't mind if I do, Jim. It's past my supper-time already.

JIM: Just follow the boys, they'll show you where the grub is. I'll be with you in a jiffy.

GEORGE: (FADING) You bet, Jim.

JERRY: (FADING IN) That's a shame about Gower's sheep, Jim. Are they very bad off?

JIM: They may be worse off than de ewes, Jerry.

JERRY: How long do you think it'll take us to get through the pass?

JIM: We oughta be able to make it by morning. I hope that won't be too late to save some of 'em. We'll make along the power truck and the flood lights and all the hand signals we have.

JERRY: I'll check up on 'em, Jim.

JIM: We'd better get into the pass ~~before~~ before the wind's all gone.

JERRY: I'll say we had. (FADING) Let's go, Jim.

JIM: (FADING) Guess I'll ask Bess to make us blints of coffee for tonight.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

FADE IN BACKGROUND OF CROWD AND TRUCKS IN DISTANCE CRACKLING FIRE IN FOREGROUND)

BESS: (FADING IN) Will you have some more coffee, Jerry?

JERRY: I sure will, Mrs. Robbins. Gee, you shoulda gone back to the station tonight, instead of coming up here.

BESS: If I can be of any help I want to be here, Jerry.

JERRY: You sure are. I don't know what the boys would do without you to take care of 'em --- Thanks!

BESS: (LAUGHING) Oh, they'd get along much better, I'm sure. Where's Jim?

JERRY: He's coming back here at five thirty, he said. He relieved me up front.

BESS: It's five-thirty now.

JERRY: I guess he must have stopped to look at the tractor. It was acting up a while ago.

BESS: Oh, here he comes. Hurry, Jim. Here's coffee for you.

JIM: (FADING IN) That's the best word I've heard tonight, Bess. I don't know when it's been this cold. Better pour that coffee fast, Bess, or it'll freeze before it hits the cup.

BESS: Here. You drink it and stay here by the fire 'till you get warm.

JIM: It won't take much to persuade me to do that.

JERRY: How are things going, Jim?

JIM: Pretty slow. The snow's packed into the pass like concrete. But we'll be through it pretty soon.

JERRY: That's great.

JIM: Tell Red to watch the blade on that dead bulldozer. He tries to cut out too big a chunk and gets hung up every now and then.

JERRY: I'll keep an eye on him, Jim. How's the machine working now?

JIM: It's all right. They fixed it again.

JERRY: Think we'll get to George's sheep in time, Jim?

JIM: It's been gettin' colder all night. I was hoping it might let up a little. It's pretty hard to tell. If the herder keeps 'em moving all the time, and we'd let the weak ones get trampled in a huddle, they've got a fair chance.

JERRY: It's pretty tough to keep 'em moving all day and all night.

JIM: Uhuh. That's what I was worrying about.

JERRY: We can't see up into the canyon to see where they are until we get through the pass.

JIM: Well, as soon as we break through we'll know.

JERRY: Yeah --- I'd better be going up there, Jim.

JIM: Yes. Call me if you need me. I'll be up soon, anyway.

JERRY: (FADING) Okay, Jim.

BESS: More coffee, Jim?

JIM: Thanks, Bess.

BESS: I'm just about out.

JIM: Good thing I got here when I did, eh? (CHUCKLES)

BESS: I'll make some more.

JIM: Here comes George. Got enough left for him? Coffee, George?

GEORGE: (FADING IN) Gee, sir. I've been looking for something to
 make me smile. Oldest I've seen it in fifteen years —
 Thanks, Mrs. Robbins.

BESS: I'll have more ready for you pretty soon. (FADING) I
 can't take very long.

GEORGE: Those CCC boys are sure 'beatin' up that snow, Jim. They'll
 be through the pass before you know it.

JIM: I reckon they wants work fast to keep warm, George.

GEORGE: If I can get my horses out of here before the first of the
 week, I oughta be able to get most of 'em to cover.

JIM: You say they're in pretty good condition?

GEORGE: They come off the high range pretty good, Jim.

JIM: The range was in good condition this year. They sure to be
 strong, and healthy.

GEORGE: They ain't been nothin' else since you Rangers started that
 rotatin' grazing plan of yours. Used to be that a lot of
 'em would starve to death even when off summer range, then
 was at puny. The range ain't never been as good as this
 year.

JIM: That's right, George. Before the Forest Service took hold
 of it, it was so overgrazed a lamb couldn't get a square meal
 on a section of it.

GEORGE: It ain't like that now,

JIM: Not any more- There isn't any range in the Pine Cone National Forest that can't supply forage for its quota of stock.

GEORGE: Yep, that's right. But, ya know what gits me is that system of yours of open harding and beddin' out. It used to be that every sheep range in the country had a small size dust bowl of its own, where the sheep bedded down every night. And drivin' 'em out to new pasture every morning and back at night took a lotta time. Now all we do is bed where we lie and move on next day to fresh grazin'.

JIM: That's another reason, George, that your sheep come off in better condition and weigh more. You cut down the wear and tear on 'em. It's cost the Forest Service a lotta time and patience to develop that grazing system. But it's worth it both to us and to you ranchers.

GEORGE: You bet it is, Jim. Yeah, and I ain't had but a handful of 'em git poisoned from eatin' hawlock or death camas. You fellows got that stuff cleaned up in good shape.

JIM: Keeping the range clean of poison weeds and developing water holes and other improvements are all part of our range management plan. It takes in mighty near everything.

GEORGE: But I figger the best part is that we been gettin' bigger clips since we been usin' the National Forest range. And lambs weigh in as much as four or five pounds heavier than they used to when they come off the range.

(OFF) George, Jim.

That kid sure knows how to push that button around, doesn't he?

He's the best will-doser we in the CCC camp. Sure he

let's get no closer. (FADING) I can't see him go down

(SOTTO VOICE) Jim, I haven't seen no brand neither of

(SOTTO VOICE) Did you go inside the penit?

() Know you'll fall or get through.

() Okay Jim. (FULL VOICE) Look! Jim's all

(CALLING) Take it easy, Jim. Jim's coming up over side

(OFF) Okay, Jim.

(FADE IN) Lookin' like George's got this sheep looked

(SLOWLY) all right George. I'll take me with a will-

(REPRESENTING) George's been worryin' about these damned

look, George.

VOICES: "Hey, where's the sheep? I can't see no sheep. There's no?"

GEORGE: (FADING IN) Jim -- My sheep were right down here -- I saw 'em here when I --

JERRY: I didn't hear 'em when we were working

JIM: Let's go up the canyon a piece. Maybe they --

RED: (OFF) There's one over there, Jim. There's a sheep

GEORGE: It's --

JERRY: There's another one ahead of it

GEORGE: I see it

RED: (OFF) There's another one. They're all dead

GEORGE: They can't be. They couldn't all die so soon. I saw 'em

JIM: Let's go up the canyon. They may be farther on

JERRY: I don't see anything.

JIM: Come on, fellas. Let's go.

JERRY: Hey, there's somebody just came around the bend. Look! -- running this way.

JIM: Who is it, George?

(SOUND IN BLEATING OF SHEEP - OFF)

GEORGE: It's Tolliver. He's my herder. (CALLING) Hey, Tolly! Where are they? Where's the herd?

VOICES: (FADING IN - PARTIAL) They're all right -- They're over George -- We run 'em up around the bend -- when we heard you comin' -- Didn't want any of 'em to get hurt.

